

Sunday Advertiser

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EDITOR.

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CHRISTMAS PAST AND PRESENT.

Last night Honolulu streets were filled with gay people in a mood for carnival. Crowds surged here and there, tin horns made their harsh music and other instruments of noise were heard in jarring discord. It was like a merry fete of southern Europe. Through the tumult of voices and of shrieking and tooting things and the explosion of crackers and toy torpedoes, fire engines passed almost without being heard and the Salvation band seemed to be acting pantomime. One could not have expected more racket if the news had come of some great victory in politics or war. But it was only the modern American way of hailing the approach of the most sacred day of the Christian calendar.

How customs change with time and men. What would our Puritan forefathers have thought of turning the eve of the Nativity—as last night was considered to be—into a sort of All Fool's day, given over to the heathen litanies of uproar? In the sedate Puritan days of old, Christmas was not recognized at all, but had it been, one can easily imagine with what decorous solemnity the day would have been approached. No merry Christmas for Praise-God-Barebones. One can almost see the cheerless children and reverend men and pious women of that period fasting in their comfortless rooms as they waited for the solemn day to dawn.

But even that would have been so different from the scene of nineteen hundred years ago when all the region about Jerusalem, awakened by the fructifying rains, was taking on the zest and happiness of the Judean winter. There must have been much life on the first Christmas day in the city and even in the desert towns—stately processions to the synagogues where the high priests thanked Jehovah for the gift of a fruitful season; sports of horsemanship among the Arabs, much travel on the roads—so much, indeed, that when Joseph and Mary came to the inn they could find no housing and were given a stall to sleep in. But no one knew that Christmas was about to dawn save the three wise men—the Magi of the East—who were urging their camels over the yellow sand of the desert with their eyes fixed upon a star.

The wise men came to worship. But that was nineteen hundred years ago. Could they have imagined, that with half the world converted to their faith, the time would have come when the advent of the Day of Days was preceded by a more than Roman saturnalia.

A TRAIN OF SKELETONS.

With the death of United States Senator John Hipple-Mitchell have come a troop of family skeletons, skillfully quieted even in the bitterness of political campaigns. Senator Mitchell was an adept at cognomental transposition. He was born John Mitchell Hipple in Washington County, Pennsylvania, sixty-eight years ago, and found no quarrel with the name until, after several years of public tutelage in the schools of Butler, Pa., he married Sadie Hoon, after a child was born to the pair. Soon afterward, Mitchell deserted his wife, taking with him the first-born and leaving another child. He is said to have eloped with a young woman whose name was never learned beyond the initials, Mary J.

After a short sojourn in Pittsburg, all trace of the trio was lost. Hipple's next appearance was in California with a transposed name. The fate of his whilom paramour and child are still unknown, Mitchell, as he was now known, refusing to inform his first wife, who, when she discovered his whereabouts, wrote a pitiful request for news of her eldest child. Mitchell arrived in San Francisco in 1860 and practiced law, explaining his change of name by saying he desired to forget the "unpleasant past". He did not prosper, and moved to San Luis Obispo, where fortune favored him, and later he went to Oregon. There he was in his element as an Anti-Secession agitator and orator during the Civil War. He was elected Corporation Attorney, and two years later married Miss Mattie E. Price, a resident of that state.

No gammy charge was ever brought against him. Sadie Hoon, his first wife, meekly accepted the situation, and supported the child left her by working as a house-servant. After being elected to the State Senate in 1865, Mitchell sought an entree to the National Senate, and was confronted for the first time with some of his past transgressions by his political opponents. He issued a circular admitting "youthful indiscretions," and stating that he desired to begin life anew and compensate for the past.

As evidence of this, perhaps, he returned to Butler, Pa., and secured a divorce from his first wife, paying \$500 for her non-contest. This was three years after he had married Miss Price.—News-Letter.

FOOD, DRINK AND WORK.

Lives of great men usually remind us that we can not make our lives sublime by following their rules about diet, drink, work and sleep. Gladstone's rule about chewing his food with many bites before swallowing it was excellent sense, a good rule for every one. But Thomas Edison, being interviewed the other day about his habits, advocated more work as a cure for overwork, and little food and not much sleep as highly beneficial. Digestion easily becomes a tax on vitality, and remarkable benefits sometimes come from cutting down the rations of an ailing person. Moreover, a change of employment is restful. But the faculty will hardly back Mr. Edison in advocating less sleep for the majority of mankind, or in prescribing harder work as a cure for overwork. Mark Twain confesses that he has lately cured himself of indigestion by substituting three or four frugal meals a day for one big one. Think of his keeping up, and so well up, these many years on one meal a day! When you run the very small eaters to earth you usually find that they are pretty steady and generous consumers of tobacco. Uncle Mark smokes a lot. Mr. Edison smokes. Mr. Horace Fletcher, the English prophet of little to eat and chew it very fine, is a fairly constant smoker. Mark Twain is not conscious of taking any exercise, and when he has something important to do he stays abed until it is done. Any beginner who followed his regimen or Mr. Edison's would come punctually to grief. The truth is a seasoned mind-worker of mature years is apt to be one of the toughest things that nature's laboratory produces. He is apt to be in considerable measure poison-proof; at least he has learned, usually, what he can do, and what he can not do, with alcohol, tobacco, coffee and tea. And he has usually learned not to burden his body with an unnecessary amount of food, or else his habits of digestion are so perfected that nothing jolts them. An average first-flight football-player is a baby in the important kinds of hardness compared with a thoroughly seasoned lawyer or writer.—Harper's Weekly.

LAPSING POLICIES.

It is almost incredible, yet it is true, that, because of recent disclosures affecting the great life-insurance companies, thousands of policy-holders have permitted their policies to lapse. A sort of panic seems to have seized upon them, and it has been far more costly to them than to the insurance companies. In many instances new insurance can never be obtained, and in all cases the policy-holder has sacrificed the advantages which accumulate with time. Everybody concedes the absolute solvency and financial strength of the insurance companies, and it is as foolish for a policy-holder to sacrifice his holdings as it would be for a depositor in a savings-bank to throw away his bank-book because he did not like the cashier. This panic of policy-holders has brought to the front, as usual, greedy and rapacious individuals who are willing to profit by the misfortunes of others. They are asking policy-holders for proxies for the next election of directors. One of these solicitous individuals is a notorious stock gambler of Boston, who, by his own confession, was one of the ringleaders in a scheme he is now exposing, by which the public were lured in a copper-mining deal. To give this fellow a proxy would be like hiring a professional bank burglar to look after your safe because an office-boy had appropriated a two-cent stamp. We have nothing to say in extenuation of the shortcomings of insurance officials, but it is about time for the press to warn the public that there is not the slightest occasion for a panic among the policy-holders of any of the leading insurance companies. They have the cash required to meet every obligation in full and an abundant surplus besides.—Leslie's Weekly.

THE BYSTANDER



- Christmas Penalties.
- What They Should Get.
- Moore Remains.
- May Be a Plant.
- Argonaut All Off.
- The Passing Pugaree.

Christmas, said a friend of mine, is going too far. It is all right to buy something for the family, but I have to buy presents for all my boy's friends and my friends and for eighteen or nineteen nephews and nieces besides. Then the fellows you know right well come into the swim. Last year I was out \$200 and was in a small cart load of gifts which I wouldn't have given \$4 for. The thing may be good for trade, but if this diffusive Christmas-giving keeps on we will have to save up money through the whole year to get Christmas gifts with.

I think I know what a lot of my fellow-citizens ought to get on Christmas: F. M. Swanzy—An American flag. Line, McCandless—An oil portrait of Governor Carter. Jack McCandless—A gangplank for the new steamship. Our Jack—A Jill. Gov. Carter—Something from McCandless. Sheriff Brown—Left. The Bulletin—More fishmarket subscribers. P. C. Jones—A new pastor. Judge Dole—More Straus. Henry Vida—A Hatter. C. Chillingworth—More of the same. Miss Yarrow—More work. Sam Johnson—A longer payroll. R. H. Trent—A blanket-warrant. R. W. Breckons—A new hat. L. E. Pinkham—His deserts. J. B. Castle—Something from Spalding.

I hear that Mr. Moore has concluded to remain for the holidays so as to make Christmas merrier for his friends, the police. Since Douthitt pointed out that police graft can not be suppressed but can only be "ameliorated," Mr. Moore and his accomplices have ceased to fear vigorous prosecutions. It looked for awhile as if the law might be enforced by a Jerome or a Folk,—men who do not attack vice and crime in an ameliorating way—but that danger has passed. If nothing happens to change Mr. Moore's mind he may stay here even longer than the holidays. Gifted with a keen mind that gentleman knows when a storm is blowing over. He sees no more raiding, except the spurious sort that keeps Chillingworth busy earning dividends; he finds the County Attorney's office ready to contemplate police graft as something that weak mortals can not cope with; he hears nothing from the Civic Federation and the Anti-Saloon League, despite the fact that they raised a fund some two months ago with which to fight the gambling evil. So why shouldn't Mr. Moore pluck up "hearts" and knaves and jokers and things and go to work again? And why shouldn't the police find Christmas merry?

I am mighty leery about all this talk of big steamers on the ferry route between here and San Francisco. If it isn't intended to head off the local steamship enterprise then, as Volcano Marshall used to say, I am a goat eating pate-de-fois-gras under the impression that it's shavings.

I have never yet seen well-informed comment on the politico-economic affairs of Hawaii in The Argonaut—a paper which, in other respects, I admire. Here is the latest:

The government of the Territory of Hawaii is displaying an activity in seeking plantation labor that bids fair to knock our mainland conceptions of the contract-labor law into a cocked hat. The Sugar Planters' Association has decided that it wants one thousand families from the Azores. A resolution is passed, and Secretary A. L. C. Atkinson, of the Territorial Government, is instantly deputed as the agent to get the five thousand Ozorean Portuguese to Honolulu, and into the hands of the plantation managers. Then Governor Carter and J. B. Castle, both sugar men themselves, take a fancy to that special brand of Russian known as Molokans. The thing is talked over, and it is announced that the Kapaa lands, Island of Kauai, are soon to be settled by five hundred Molokans, who will "be getting a splendid thing, at an average, on the cane and pasture land at fifteen dollars an acre." But, O islanders, what about the contract-labor law?

Someday, perhaps, The Argonaut will hear of the ruling at Washington that a Territory, acting as such, may import as much labor as it can get, excepting Chinese labor. As for the Molokans, they live in Southern California and may be assisted here by private enterprise without breaking any law. Really The Argonaut should take a newspaper.

The pugaree is passing. The silk and cotton fabrics of brilliant or subdued colorings which were once the pride of every owner of a Panama hat in Honolulu, are now no longer considered au fait. The pugaree has had its day. Less than a decade ago when Panamas were worn a la Fedora style, the hat was not considered complete without a white pugaree with blue or scarlet stripes. Sometimes it was loosely wound about the hat; more frequently it was placed about it with considerable skill in wrapping. Finally the pugaree came to adorn any sort of a straw hat, whether it was a costly Panama, or a cheaply-made and cheaply-bought Japanese article. Nowadays one scarcely sees a pugaree except around a native hat, and a native wearing it, though he generally prefers his odorous lei of flowers. The tourist who is just passing through and stops for a day, frequently buys a native hat with a pugaree about it. Nowadays the young-man-about-town has a hat band put around his headgear which is copied from the "college-ribbon" craze.

A NOTABLE SPEECH.

In his speech from the Throne last week, at the opening of the Reichstag, the Kaiser incidentally paid a tribute to President Roosevelt. The two rulers have many personal characteristics in common. The Kaiser said:

"It fills me with high satisfaction that I was able to support the successful efforts of the President of the United States in bringing about peace between his Majesty the Emperor of Russia and his Majesty the Emperor of Japan. I greet Japan's entrance into the ranks of the Great Powers with sincere wishes for the peaceable, civilizing mission of this highly endowed people, and my lively sympathies attend the efforts which the neighboring friendly Russian Empire is making toward a new order of things in its internal affairs. I hope that his Majesty the Emperor Nicholas may earn the love and gratitude of his people as the pathfinder of Russia's happy future."

"This," said the agent, "is the coziest little flat in Harlem." "Yes?" replied the man. "Oh, there's no doubt about that at all!" "That's so; there isn't any room for doubt, is there?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Nurse—"See, Charlie, the stork has brought you a nice little brother!" Charlie—"Yes, that's the way! Just as I'm getting on in the world competition begins."—Fliegende Blätter.

COMMERCIAL

BY DANIEL LOGAN.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer," would seem to have been adopted by the local stock brokers, according to the following legend at the foot of yesterday's Stock Exchange list: "Notice.—The Exchange adjourns to Saturday, Dec. 30, Summer vacation." As Honolulu is not in "the antipodes," the present season is, technically, winter. Yet the notice is quite appropriate as variously explained—1st, the exchange having been busy then passed its summer vacation; 2d, it is summer in Hawaii all the time; 3d, the conditions of things justify the application thereto of the Shakespearian metaphor above quoted.

Not that there is much doing in stocks, for the week's sales have been unusually slight in number, but the large crop of sugar expected has started forward to a presently rising market. No substantial reason has appeared for apprehending any severe drop in prices in the year 1906. On the contrary there are grounds of hope that the campaign will at least equal the one just closed, which compares favorably with some of the best Hawaii has ever experienced. At all events the tone here adopted is the appropriate one for Christmas-tide.

While sales have been few, stocks are firmly held. With but one exception the quotations are up to or above those of last week. Centrifugals 96 degrees test in New York have advanced again, this time by \$1.25 a ton to \$72.50. European beets by yesterday's cable had returned to \$74.80, the figure of a week ago.

THE WEEK'S SALES.

Sales of the Honolulu Stock and Bond Exchange for the week have been as follows: Hawaiian Sugar Co. (\$20), 125 at \$33.25, 50 at \$33; Ewa (\$20), 5 at \$27.37½, 60 at \$27.25, 50, 50 at \$27, 10 at \$27.12½; Kihei (\$50), 50 at \$8; Honoum (\$100), 50 at \$135; Rapid Transit (\$100), 110 com. at 66, 5 pref. at \$101.50; H. C. & S. Co. (\$100), 12 at \$82; McBryde (\$20), 7 at \$5.62½; O. R. & L. Co. (\$100), 24 at \$87.50; Waialua (\$100), 5 at \$70; Onomea (\$20), 180 at \$30; Oahu (\$100), 24 at \$87.50; Waialua 6s, \$1000 at \$100.75.

REAL ESTATE.

Bishop Libert has bought at private sale, through the agency of Jas. F. Morgan, a tract of 76½ acres at Kalihi, Honolulu, from W. R. Castle for \$5500. The land is bought for the site of an orphan asylum, a model farm and a sanitarium to be established by the Catholic Mission.

Through Geo. P. Thielen the Tropic Fruit Co. has bought from L. G. Kellogg 112 acres in fee simple and a lease for seven years on 38 acres of land at (Continued on Page 9)

LITTLE TALKS

MANAGER HERTSCHE—The East is nice to visit but give me Honolulu to live in.

MISS LEMMON—My steamship project is backed by some of the heaviest men in Salt Lake.

JOHN SWIFT—I regard Jack Lucas as one of the most serviceable officials Oahu county has.

ROBERT LEWERS—With rice at four cents this ought to be a good year for the Chinamen.

B. KIDD—No, I don't want to be the press agent, but just think what I might do through the Hearst papers.

C. B. BUCKLAND—No, I don't know who will be press agent but I hear that A. P. Taylor stands a good show.

JAS. F. MORGAN—Summer vacation of the Stock Exchange? Well, that's right. It's summer here all the time.

J. J. WILLIAMS—I had 101 sittings on Sunday. Plenty of people always have their pictures taken for the holidays.

POP SPITZER—Yes, business is picking up on Hotel street. I sold three pairs of suspenders and an undershirt yesterday.

JOE COHEN—I have just had a letter from my brother. He burnt out. Don't know whether to send him congratulations or not.

BERNARD KELEKOLIO—There's nothing to offend the most fastidious in my drama. I'm not aping my namesake, Bernard Shaw.

TOM CUMMINS—I have been in the road department eight years and in that time there have been nine road supervisors for Honolulu.

C. L. WIGHT—I like to see teachers with some ambition. On board ship the sailor who only wants to be second mate doesn't count for much.

DR. M'GREW—Now that the missionaries are showing that they can live a hundred years I don't see why I shouldn't go over the whole course, too.

CAPT. SHEEHAN—Yes, I went to the Coast but was mighty glad to get back. I didn't have a comfortable day in San Francisco and hardly one outside.

LT. COM. WHITE—When the Chicago leaves Honolulu she will never come back if the officers on board her now have anything to say about it. This is a little the dearest town I ever saw.

BUFORD PASSENGER—Well, well! Is this Christmas? The crowds down town look like that of a big election night in the East. It is hard to think that Santa Claus could ever come to a climate like this and not melt.

A. B. BINDT—A man is entitled to earn his living. I am a cripple and can not do the kind of work some can. My place is sanitary and my business legitimate. I had President Pinkham in here a day or so ago and he said so.

R. MATTHESON—I can hardly believe that Christmas is only a day ahead. I just came down from Alberta, Canada, where I've been wearing furs. I never dreamed I would spend a Christmas in summer weather as you are having in Honolulu just now.

C. H. BROWN—You talk about being a sugar magnate. I have just returned from Hawaii where I bought up three sugar mills—they were second-hand, however. I bought the old Paahau, Papahoe and Portuguese sugar mills. The old rollers, etc., make a big pile of scrap.

GEORGE A. DAVIS—There were a couple of newspaper men on the Sonoma. One was from England, representing a new London paper. They were reading up on Hawaii all the way down and saw as much of Honolulu as they could while in port. They're going to give us some good write-ups. Hawaii is in the public eye, let me tell you.

CAPT. NEWELL—I have had a good time since the Saturn has been in port in Honolulu. This is a lovely place. It is not as hot as I expected to find it. I do not see but what we have been well entertained here, but our ship is officered and manned by the merchant marine and we perhaps do not expect as much as the regular navy officers.

BISHOP HAMILTON—The suggestion that I was ever an apostle of miscegenation is absurd. I am a Virginian—but I have said and I say that the human race was once a unit and there seems to me no reason why it should not become so again. Of course it would be a matter of centuries but there is no getting away from the facts as they exist today.

CAPT. E. H. PARKER—Those navy people think they are going to teach us old captains a thing or two about Pearl harbor. I am working on some data which, when completed, will put the navy people way in the shade. There are men here who have sailed the Lochs for the past thirty years, before there was a buoy or anything else to mark the channel.

ENSIGN CAMPBELL—I was here on the New York two years ago and I have enjoyed myself here. I think that the Honolulu people must be busy with Christmas for there have been very few callers on board the Chicago. I notice that Executive Officer White says that people do not entertain as they did twenty years ago. I think he fails to realize that he is twenty years older than he was then.

LIEUT. COM. HALSTEAD—No, you never see a lady domiciled on board an American war ship. That used to be permitted, but the ladies were too likely to forget that simply because they were officers' wives they were not themselves officers and the department ordered the practice discontinued. One secretary of the navy went so far as to prohibit officers' wives from following their husbands' ships. It could not be done directly, but if an officer's wife turned up her husband's station, the officer was immediately transferred to some place at the other end of the world and the secretary won out because the officers could not stand the expense of so much travel by their wives. That rule is not now in force, however.